THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

EUGENIA DE MIRANDE.

(Concluded.)

LATREMBLAYE came at the appointed time; the dinner was gay, and the conversation lively; every subject was introduced, except the one which had been the occasion of the dinner. Latremblaye thought Eugenia charming. She was well informed, and had vivacity and wit. After dinner she introduced the affair of the unfortunate lady. Latremblaye heard her with attention, and promised to draw up the memorial in two days. He performed his promise, and succeeded perfectly well: energy, clearness, precision, nothing was wanting. Eugenia read it with marks of the warmest satisfaction.

" There is a strength, a sensibility, sir, in the style, which render it impossible for the minister not to yield to your reasoning; and were I in the minister's place, you should certainly not experience a refusal."

Latremblaye blushed, and knew not what to say.

" Nor is this all, sir; we must give to your memorial a new degree of eloquence; it must be presented by the person herself who is supposed to have written it. The gesture, voice, and look of the person interested, will add to the impression it ought to produce. Attempt to procure a *rendezvous*, in order that the lady may deliver it herself to the minister."

After a week's exertions, Latremblaye came one evening to Eugenia with a triumphant air.—" I have procured an interview for to morrow; give your friend notice, and with this paper all doors will be open to her."

" What gratitude do I not owe you! You will have the satisfaction of having snatched this poor family from despair; —but do not abandon her till you have conducted her to the door. A woman softened by grief, and timid, would appear to disadvantage, unaccompanied.—Do you consent to go with her?"

This last act of complacence cost Latremblaye much; yet the habit of yielding to the wishes of Eugenia, the desire of ensuring the success of the business, a curiosity to see the unknown, conquered his repugnance, and he promised to come the next day to Eugenia's, where the mysterious lady was to be.

The next day, Eugenia, without being full-dressed, was more carefully dressed than usual; her hair fell gracefully over her forehead, and down her neck, her eyes sparkled, and her bosom heaved, as Latremblaye entered. He looked round the room, and said, ' The lady is not yet come?'

' No,' replied Eugenia, with some emotion.

' I will wait for her.'

He took a seat near the tea-table, at which Eugenia was sitting. A silence of some minutes ensued.—Each stole looks at the other.—Latremblaye blushed, and would have been put out of countenance, if Eugenia had not blushed also.

Latremblaye at length said, but with some hesitation, ' I ought, madam, to bless this circumstance (Eugenia cast her eyes upon the ground) which has introduced me to your acquaintance.'

' Whatever satisfaction you feel, sir, you must derive from a conviction. The zeal you have shown—I assure you I have been——gratified, pleased, with it.'

A second silence ensued as long as the first. Latremblaye at length took a desperate resolution.

' I know not that I am doing right; but I cannot conceal what I feel—you know it as well as I do.'

Eugenia could by a word have relieved his embarrassment; but in such circumstances, the female bosom, however humane, never carries its humanity so far, and when arrived at that point, women force us to tell them what they know already; so that the poor young man confessed he loved her. Eugenia had propriety enough to keep a just medium between the offended air which would only have suited a prude, and that satisfied manner which ill accords the with the modesty of her sex. The conversation changed; but it became animated, lively; relieved from a burthen, it proceeds with lightness, grace, and ease. Questions were asked and answered without hesitation; each communicated their pursuits, their modes of thinking and speaking upon different subjects, with such confidence, that they did not per-

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ceive they had been waiting for the lady three quarters of an hour.

Latremblaye at length noticed her non-arrival.—'She is not come yet!'

'She will not come at all,' replied Eugenia.

Latremblaye, in utter astonishment, looked at Eugenia, whose eyes answered only by an expression of langour, mixed with a smile, which produced together an inexpressible grace.

'Would you,' said Eugenia, 'be very, very angry with me, if, by chance, there should be no truth in the history of my unfortunate lady?—if all this was but a proof, a means of pointing out to my heart a man whose sensibility was not the effect of sensual desires?'

Latremblaye knew not what to answer.

'You will, perhaps, believe me,' continued Eugenia, 'when I tell you that I have received the homage of several men: will you also believe me, when I add, that none of those who distinguished me, was precisely such a one as I wished? The death of my mother, whom I lost early, has given a considerable degree of independence to my mind. My father is my friend, I consult him always; his manner of viewing things is liberal; he permitted me to make a trial; a bold one, without doubt, but which, however, could not go further than I wished.'

'I am not recovered from my surprise, said Latremblaye.—'What! was it but a feint? It has cost you much, I am sure, for I recollect several circumstances in which you were interdicted.'

'It is true; but I was supported by the intention of confessing every thing.'

'And my memorial?'

'I will keep it,' said Eugenia, 'as a monument of the goodness of your heart, and the eloquence of your style.'

'And the author of the memorial, what will you make of him?'

'My husband,' replied Eugenia, with downcast looks, 'if he wishes it, and if our two families consent.'

The two families, composed of good persons, easily consented, and the young couple were united at Paris a few weeks ago. As soon as they were united, they went to pay a visit to madame C****, to relieve her from her benevolent anxiety, and to make her an elegant present for the bundle which she had sent for the unfortunate lady.

Communicated for the Lady's Miscellany.

LESSON

FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

In an age like this, when the frequency of conjugal infidelity seems almost to have lessened the horror which every one ought to entertain of such a crime (a crime by which society is most injured, as it brings with it the longest train of evils, and which Legislators have tho't deserving of the most capital punishment) a writer can scarcely employ his pen to more advantage to mankind, than by endeavouring to point out to the fair sex, the avenues which lead to, and the weaknesses of their own heart which betray them into the commission of it. The insatiable love of flattery and admiration, so inherent in women, are always the means used by their destroyers to work their ruin; but however grateful or pleasing they may be, a married woman, in particular, should fly the delusive poison, and never hearken to what she ought to know can be intended only for her destruction. Those praises which she might listen to, and those marks of attention which she might receive with the utmost degree of innocence whilst single, become highly improper, nay, criminal in her married state: for every expression of regard is an insult to her virtue; and if listened to, authorise a man to suppose opportunity alone is wanting to complete her dishonour. As, however, example has ever been regarded, and certainly is more efficacious than precept, I cannot forbear giving to the public the particulars of an affair which has lately made some little noise in the world, and the real truth of which is very little known. It is far from my intention, either to depress the unfortunate, or vindicate the guilty; I only wish to convince my fair readers, that small inadvertencies lead to ruin and shame, and how easy the transition is from imprudence to vice. I would wish at the same time the men to consider, that as their happiness and honour depend on preserving the affections of the woman whom they have entrusted with them: it is their interest to shew a part, at least, of that assiduity to please a wife, which they used to gain a mistress. For I believe, were we to trace most of these affairs to their original source, we should find that the men have by their conduct half merited these conjugal misfortunes.

Mrs. D—— had not long been married, before she found herself treated by her husband with the utmost negligence and contempt. Those pleasing attentions by which he had made an impression on her heart, were changed into the most slovenly indolence. Instead of those soothing endearments, and good humoured condescensions, so engaging from the man she loved, and of which she might reasonably have expected the continuation, in return for the preference she had given him to a number of rivals; she found possession had deprived her of the power to please, and a right to expect any degree of complascence. She soon fled to gaiety and amusements, to dissipate the chagrin occasioned by her disappointment. She was gay and lively; her person such as to attract the general admiration; and she soon found in the world men who, by the agreeableness of their manners and

conversation, made her some amends for the neglect she experienced at home. She indulged herself in little gallantries, without ever reflecting, or, perhaps, even imagining the consequences of them; nor, indeed, might she ever have swerved from her duty, had she not discovered that her husband added infidelity to neglect, and, though lost to her charms, was not insensible to those of women whom she regarded as inferior to herself, both in point of beauty and merit. Just at the time when her resentment was at the height, and female pride and indignation urged her to revenge, she became acquainted with Captain F—R, a man who joined to a remarkable handsome person, the most elegant manners and insinuating address; a man versed in all those winning arts which most engage the female heart. He flattered, he soothed, he pitied her; and lamented the cruelty of her fate, who with charms and virtues to make a man of sensibility the happiest creature in the world, should be united to one so little deserving of such excellence. He cursed the malignancy of his stars which had never shewn him such an inestimable jewel, till it was out of his power to possess it. When he had gained his first point in making an impression on her heart, the scruples of honour were easily conquered by arguments of retaliation, obligations being mutual, and no longer binding on one side, when violated on the other. Thus circumstanced, it required more resolution than she was mistress of to preserve her fidelity to a husband who had shewn himself so little deserving of her regard.

Captain F—R had not long enjoyed the fruits of his conquest, when he was invited to a gentleman's house, near E——gh, who was a relation to Mrs. D—, and where she was then on a visit whilst her husband was absent upon business. Their prudence and circumspection blinded every one but Miss C——T; and what can evade the piercing eye of jealousy? Captain F—— had formerly given this lady some reason to suppose she was by no means indifferent to him; and now not meeting with the same attention, she was endeavouring to account for the change, when she thought she saw a favoured rival in Mrs. D——'s; which made her watch them so narrowly, as not only to be convinced of her suspicions, but to give her an opportunity of ample revenge, by exposing their crime to the whole world. When the unfortunate Mrs. D—— found her guilt was become public, she was determined to be the first who should reveal it to her husband; which she did in the following terms:

"As you must soon be informed of the injury I have done you, I choose rather to confess my crime, than to give any one an opportunity of exaggerating my guilt, or insulting you. Nor will I seek in your conduct for an excuse for my own, but retain even in this state of shame and confusion, a shadow of that dignity which once made me deserving of your esteem. I can easily foresee the consequences of this discovery, and therefore beg, as the last favour you can ever grant me, that I may be permitted to see my poor, helpless children, for I have ever loved them with the tenderest affection. Oh, ye innocent babes! how will you ever bear to hear the name of her, who almost at the instant she gave you birth, made you heirs to shame and dishonour. Who will now tend your youthful steps? Who teach you to shun the enchanting snares of vice, when she whom nature made your guard, has deserted you? But, Sir, to your care I recommend them; I conjure you by the love you once bore their unfortunate mother, that they may not suffer for my guilt, but find in you both parents in one! For myself I ask not pity, though I should wish for your forgiveness."

It is not in the moments of gaiety and enjoyment of guilt, but in its consequences, that we should take a view of it. Tell me, ye deluded fair ones, are all your pleasures able to compensate for this humiliating, this degraded situation? For few of you are so abandoned, as not to feel the most keen anguish at the idea of loss of fame.

Nothing could equal the distraction of Mrs. D—'s mind; surrounded with shame and confusion, obliged to bear the insolence of those whose virtue, perhaps, had little better foundation than that of not having had the same temptation; whilst she durst not even look up for protection to him, for whose sake she suffered this disgrace, conscious of not deserving his esteem. Captain F—R scarce knew how to act at so trying a conjuncture. Divided between love, and fear of the world's dread laugh, he suffered himself at last, however, to yield to tenderness and affection, and administered every consolation in his power. Mr. D—— received the letter in a manner which shewed he little regarded the loss of his wife's affections, though he was not insensible to becoming the jest of the world, and set about suing for a divorce immediately; and as soon as ever it had passed Capt. F—— and she were married. It is to be hoped her former errors will have taught her how invaluable virtue and discretion are in women; and if she be a true penitent, may she never hear the bitter reproaches of her guilt—a fate too common, and scarce avoidable! for men will seldom be prevailed upon to believe that a woman who has been guilty of one indiscretion, will uniformly pursue the path of rectitude and virtue.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is termed love, in the present day, is an ardent desire, which assumes the name of a tender sentiment. It is an honourable pretext to solicit something that is not so honourable. It is the seducing error of the young, the serious occupation of women, the wreck of men, the regret of the aged, and the real secret of Nature to perpetuate her works.

Noble and well-formed minds are alone susceptible of a pure, disinterested, ele-

vated passion. To love a beautiful and virtuous woman, requires a taste for what is beautiful and honourable. To please her, we must resemble her. A lover is not courageous, sensible, humane, generous, because he loves; he loves because these qualities are innate; and it is with the mask of these qualities, that men seduce the female, who has not a sufficient degree of patience to put them to the trial.

Genuine affection is the lot of a few; it requires too many qualities to be general. It demands too much constancy for the volatile, too much ardour for the sedate, too much restraint for the turbulent, too much delicacy for the simple, too much enthusiasm for the cold and icy, too much activity for the indolent, too much desire for the philosopher, too much self-denial for the libertine.

Genuine love demands a considerable degree of elevation and energy of soul; generosity, sensibility, and rectitude of heart; a warm imagination, and inviolate attachment to the principles of virtue and honour. It cannot exist in the bosom of luxury and pleasure, in the midst of tumult, and the distractions of numerous and polite assemblies. It requires simplicity of manners, and a retired life.

In times of happier manners, when the sex was adored by the men, they respected themselves, and endeavoured to render themselves worthy of the religious homage that was paid to them. Their esteem was the recompence of courage and virtue. The desire of pleasing them exalted the imagination, and was productive of heroes; but voluptuousness and sensuality have degraded us We are no longer gallant; we are depraved. Since they are no longer considered as divinities, the sex has become too human; their influence on the character of men is now as pernicious, as it was formerly beneficial. To soft illusions, to the enthusiasms of love, succeeds felicity of enjoyment, followed by quick disgust. Philosophy and debauchery take the place of that heroic gallantry which constituted love and virtue. Formerly, as it was more difficult to please one woman than it is now to seduce many, the reign of moral affection prolonged the power of passion. By restraining, directing, and fanning the passion with delusive hopes, desires were perpetuated, while they preserved their force. Love could not be made; it was an impulse; it was even the child of innocence, and was nourished by the sacrifices which it made, instead of being extinguished by voluptuous gratifications.

True love mingles respect with the passion. If it was placed on mental qualities alone, the senses would be without energy; if placed solely on the charms of person, the head would be vacant. A genuine lover is equally struck with the virtues and with the attractions of his mistress. If we be deprived of love, what remains? For libertines, there is gallantry, its perpetual counterfeit; to the honest and feeling heart, tenderness, to all, the pleasures of friendship, less voluptuousness than the pleasures of love, but mingled with fewer pains.

It is too generally thought that illicit amours may be pursued by a young man, without any pernicious consequences: but this is a fatal error. To what misfortune does not criminal indulgence expose our youth? Remorse, shame, the loss of the esteem, not merely of the virtuous, but even of the vile accomplices of his pleasures, plunge his existence into a sea of sorrows. A woman who has yielded to the impulse of desire, seeks in vain to be indifferent to her situation, or to vindicate her errors to herself. In vain she attempts to believe that there are some passions which it is not in the power of human nature to conquer. In vain she she seeks to efface the idea of criminality, by the perpetuity of her passion, by its excess, &c. Every one that falls a victim to the passion, has a disordered imagination, which sometimes represents the folly committed as a virtue and the repentance which it occasions, as a duty. Alas! less exertion is required to subdue the criminal passion, than is often employed to keep it alive.

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ANECDOTE OF HOLBEIN,

A famous Painter, in Henry the eighth's reign.

A NOBLEMAN of the first quality, came one day to see Holbein, when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein begged his lordship to defer the honour of his visit to another day; which the nobleman taking as an affront, broke open the door, and very rudely went up stairs. Holbein, hearing a noise, came out of his chamber, and meeting the Lord at his door, fell into a violent passion, and pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However considering immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised, and made the best of his way to the king. The nobleman, who was much hurt, tho' not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him; and upon opening his grievance, the king ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offence. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than his life; upon which the king sternly replied "My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself: remember, pray, my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven lords."

The following laughable arrangement of some of the inconsistencies in the doctrines advanced by the enemies of religion, will no doubt be acceptable to the lovers of genuine wit, and to the friends of true piety.

The Unbeliever's Creed.

"I BELIEVE that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter;

and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no. I believe also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.—I believe that a man is a beast, and the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.—I believe there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural. I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy: I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftsbury, I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul. I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran: I believe not in the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe Confucius; I believe in Sanconathian; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.—Lastly, I believe in all unbelief."

A more extraordinary instance of impenitence, has seldom been recorded, than that of William Williams, who died in England in 1791. This unhappy man had been extremely wicked all his life. When he drew near his end, being about seventy years of age, he determined to make his will, and leave all he had from his wife and children, alledging that the latter were none of his. But, though he bid fifty pounds as a reward, no persons could be found who would sign as witnesses. He desired when he died, that a pair of clog shoes should be put into his coffin, that he might pound devils and damned souls with them, in hell. Being reproved for his swearing and wickedness, he told those who reproved him, that he neither regarded them, nor their new God; he would curse and swear so long as he had breath.—He did so—he ordered his body to be drawn in his own cart to be buried—it was so—he charged that five shillings should be spent at every public house on the road—some of it was so—he desired that he might be laid at the corner of the church yard next the public house, that he might have the pleasure of hearing the company there curse and swear.—He requested that every one of his companions would drink a health standing upon his grave, after it was filled up—they did so; and continued to drink and make merry over his grave, for near two hours after the interment.

Dispositions of a

FRENCHMAN AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

The former is as free in company he never saw before, as if he had seen them every day of his life; but an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner; twist his thumbs, and if you can get *yes* and *no* from him without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another; and from their running whenever they see a crowd, and pulling out a snuff-box; beginning, without farther ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing; by this means, they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them; but if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody; but, hastening into solitude, mope, and drive himself into such a state of melancholy, as nothing but hanging can cure. The taciturnity of an Englishman admits a contradiction in one instance. He is the most perfect living thermometer and barometer in the universe. If all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and seeing, they would know as well from him every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both. *En. Pub.*

He is both outrageously vain and malicious, who ascribes the best actions of the good to vanity alone.

From the Literary Miscellany.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The readers of the Miscellany will not be displeased with the following concise character of the man, whose name they revere. Should the subject be considered hackneyed, let it be recollected that it ought never to die, and that few compositions in the style of a "character" of this great and good man have ever been published.

Washington was a perfect example, his character has no parallel. Modern names are diminished before him, and antiquity is rivalled. A general statesman, magistrate, and citizen, his duties were arduous and manifold, and he sustained them without effort.

Guiding the policy of the cabinet with his intellectual, and wielding the sword of battle with his physical strength, he confounded the arts, and defeated the arms of his enemies. He commanded the hearts of his soldiers, and the resources of his countrymen; and *his* wishes were immediately followed by *their* exertions. His firmness was so undaunted, his submission to congress so meekly authoritive, his decision so moderately determined, and his exploits so prudently harrassing, that, in every vicissitude of war, his friends were overruled, and his foes overborne, by his pre-eminence.—Rising far above common conception, his actions were heroic, his virtues sublime. No difficulty reached him, that he did not surmount, and no passion assailed him, that he did not overcome. Malignity has accused him of cruelty and indifference, but his tears on the death of Andre, and the effusions of his country's gratitude, have completely controuled the poison of the imputation.

No ignoble desires for arbitrary sway were produced by his universal popularity, for his magnanimity was more exalted than his courage. The vile, who believed him capable of treachery, were mortified, and the weak, who mistrusted human fortitude, were astonished at his noble resignation of power.

As the absence of the law of gravitation would involve our system in original chaos, so at the retirement of Washington, the union assumed the aspect of convulsive dissolution. He appeared again, and order resumed her operation. Opposition was silenced at the mention of his name, and rebellion retired to her den. So controuling was his influence, that party breathed only to expire. So patriotic were his motives, that there existed no envy, however malignant, that ever disputed his integrity, and no corruption, however hardened, that did not tremble at his frown. The powers of his authority seemed his natural habiliments, yet his obedience, as a citizen, was a pattern for emulation. The relative duties he observed with religious attention, and his shining talents in public were equalled only by his philosophy in domestic life.

In Washington there was an aggregate of excellence, rather than any glaring peculiarity. Without those flashings of genius, which serve only to dazzle the understanding, the steady light of his intellect concentrated its rays to guide the progress of America to liberty and fame. He was one of those few characters, which are formed by God for conducting great events. An epoch in history will accompany the life of Washington. A warlike nation humbled by the struggles of a peaceful one, a government erected by social compact, and a people flourishing under the mild influence of those institutions, which they themselves had consolidated; these are the grand concomitants, with which the name of Washington will be adorned for the imitation of posterity.

TRIBUTE.

From the Pastime.

ON LAZINESS.

LAZINESS is properly twofold, of body and mind. In either case it is unwarrantable and despicable, deserving the contempt, and the vengeance of him who never "slumbereth nor sleepeth." It is the nourisher of ignorance and pusillanimity; the author of poverty and wretchedness. Laziness appears in different shapes; operates in different ways. It exhibits itself in the walk, the conversation, the dress, and the manners. It speaks from the fields and barns of the husbandman, from the tumbled couch of the opulent. It is exhibited in the thoughts and the actions: in the studies and productions of the student as well as in those of literary and professional characters. Minute investigation and close thought are too laborious for an indolent person. He will exercise his imagination rather than his reason. Instead of walking, he creeps: instead of leading the way, he lounges on behind. Instead of the ornament, he is the disgrace of society. His abject soul never breathed independence. The fire of genius never warmed his bosom. The golden page of fame never recorded his name but to record his infamy. Reason and religion abhor, and satire should 'lash the' sluggard 'naked round the world.' Indolence is, indeed, not equally censurable in all, for it exists in different degrees; but in all it is unjustifiable. It is contemptible whether it is seen creeping along the street or sitting in the ashes; snoring in the house, or exerting its slow moving limbs in the field; sitting in torpid silence, or uttering its difficult conceptions. Every exertion, either of the body or mind of an indolent man, is performed with the unwillingness of the mule, and the slowness of the sloth. He walks as if his feet were clogged. He speaks as if he had to fetch his breath farther than 'abimo pectore,' and he works as if the night would never come. His procrastinated to-morrow is always before him. He dallies in matters of eternal importance, as in the trifles of a day. This indolence of feeling is consequently dangerous. He who is under its influence, remains passive as long as possible. Tread on him, and he will scarcely turn. His non-elastic soul sinks into a dead indifference at the first repulse. If he is not checked, 'onward he goes, and ne'er looks farther than his nose.' Destitute of all vigour, he breathes out a slothful life in insignificance and uselessness. This is not an imaginary character. You may find him in every department of society, of office, and of literature. There let the "slow, unmoving finger of scorn" be pointed at him.

Sluggard, where is your authority for wasting any of your time in indolence? Have you purchased a respite from the Almighty? Or have you become mightier than he? If not, have you discharged the duties of your station in life? Have you lived for others as well as for yourself? Have you done all the good in your power? Have you wrought out your salvation, and are your temples already crowned with the victor's reward? The oracles of truth have anticipated these interrogatories, and declared your inability to accomplish these things. The dictates of wisdom, therefore, and the command of justice are "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might." Be this the motto of your life; lest the ghost of murdered time harrass your dying pillow, and the judge of the unprofitable servant seal your destiny forever!

The following remarks on the celebrated English Rocius, were published a little time subsequent to his death; and coincide with the sentiments of others respecting him.

GARRICK.

GARRICK had great merit in quitting the pompous gait and manner of the old stage, but he ran from one extreme to another; and his principal attention was given to manner and gesture: for in his gravest and most tragical parts, he had recourse to trick; and those actors who copied him, were execrable; but he had uncommon spirit and discernment in distinguishing characters and passions of a lively and impetuous kind, by which he gained applause from all ranks of people. He certainly was a wonderful actor, and had an excellent stage face, a quick,

piercing eye, and countenance which was well adapted to his parts; he had also the art of imposing upon the town, so as to be thought more universal than he really was; and Comedy was certainly his *fort*, though he acted a few parts in Tragedy very well.—He could not bear to hear any of the great actors praised who went before him, and could not conceal his envy, when the conversation turned upon the merits of *Booth, Wilkes, Cibber*, or *Quin*; nay, I have been assured, that he was even jealous of *Mrs. Pritchard*, and other actresses, who gave him great uneasiness, and made him miserable.—He had many enemies, and has been much censured in his private character. He was too cunning and too selfish to be loved or respected, and so immoderately fond of money and praise, that he expected you should cram him with flattery. He was a kind of spoiled child, whom you must humour in all his ways and follies.

He was often in extremes of civility or sly impertinence, provoking and timid by turns. If he handed you a tea-cup or a glass, you must take it as a great condescension; and he often called to you in the street, to tell you in a loud voice, and at some distance, that he intended you the honour of a visit:—this, some would termed a visit in perspective. He was sore and waspish to a degree of folly, and had creatures about him, who were stationed spies, and gave him intelligence of every idle word that was said of him, at the same time they misrepresented or exaggerated what passed, in order to gratify him. He was very entertaining, and could tell a story with great humour; but he was generally pressing to his interest, and so taken up with his own concerns, that he seldom was a pleasant companion. He was stiff and trained, and more an actor in company than on the stage, as Goldsmith has described him. In short, he was an unhappy man with all his success and fame, and wore himself out in fretting and solicitude about his worldly affairs, and theatrical squabbles and altercation. Though he loved money, he has been friendly on some occasions, and liberal to persons in distress; but he had the knack of making his acquaintance useful and subservient to him, and always had his interest in view. His levees put you in mind of a Court, where you see mean adulation, insincerity, pride, and vanity, and the little man in exstacy at hearing himself applauded by a set of Toad eaters, and hungry Poets.

As an author, he was not without merit, having written some smart Epigrams, Prologues, Epilogues, and Farces; and to do him justice, he was not very vain of his writing.

To conclude of him as an actor,

"Take him for all in all,
"I ne'er shall see his like again."

As a man, he had failings, which we must make allowances for, when we consider that he was intoxicated, and even corrupted, by the great incense and court paid him by his admirers.

TEMPERANCE.

In pleasure is essentially necessary to be observed, particularly by youth, that they may beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast;—and health, vigour, and high spirits invite him to partake of it without restraint. In vain are they warned of the latent danger.—The old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgotten that they once were young. And yet, to what do the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure amount? They may all be comprised in a few words, not to hurt ourselves, and not to hurt others by our pursuit of pleasure, and these will be fully accomplished by temperance. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful, beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is certainly ruinous.

Hence, by this virtue we are not called to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety: instead of abridging, we are exhorted to pursue it on an extensive plan; we have measures proposed for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. As we consider ourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal; whatever violates our nature in any of those respects, cannot afford us true pleasure.

Have we not found, that, in the course of criminal excess, pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Have we not, from every habit, at least of unlawful gratification, found some thorn spring up to wound us; some consequence to make us repent of it in the issue? We should, therefore, avoid temptations, for which we have found ourselves unequal, with as much care as we would shun pestilential infection.

Saturday, October 24.

With the close of this volume we tender our best acknowledgements to our friends for the support they have afforded us. We shall commence the subsequent volume with a degree of satisfaction resulting from the hope that the appearence of the work will prove more satisfactory to its patrons. The utility of altering its present form, and of excluding advertisements, will doubtless be acknowledged and approved of... Every English publication of merit, suitable for our purpose, will be regularly obtained; the meritorious productions of our own country we shall likewise receive; which, together with the assistance of friendly correspondents, will enable us to present that diversity so desirable in a work of this nature.

Correspondence. Before we insert H. L's. "Picture of Life," we should be happy of an interview with the author.

MARRIED....*On Tuesday evening last, by the right reverend bishop Moore, Mr. Alexander Ogsbury, of this city, to Miss Mary Whitehead, of Newtown, L. I——On Thursday evening, by the revd. Dr. Livingston, Walter Everson, Esq. to Miss Eliza Roosevelt, daughter of C. C. Roosevelt, Esq——On Wednesday evening, by the revd Dr. Abeel, Mr. Thomas M'Cready, jun. to Miss Ann. Roorbach, daughter of the late John F. Roorbach, Esq——On the 17th inst. by the Rev bishop Moore, Mr. Thomas Powers, merchant, to Miss Mary S. Jansen, both of this city. On the 18th inst. by the rev. Dr Kuypers, Mr. Peter Deb, to Mrs. Catharine Banker, both of this city.*

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

Unless my fair-one's cheek be near
To tinge thee with superior red,
How vain O rose, thy boasted bloom!
Unless, prime season of the year,
The grape's rich streams be round thee shed.
Alike how vain is thy perfume!

In shrubs which skirt the scented mead,
Or garden's walk embroidered gay,
Can the sweet voice of joy be found....
Unless to harmonize the shade,
The nightingale's soft warbled lay
Pour melting melody around?

Thou floweret trembling to the gale,
And thou, O cypress! waving slow
Thy green head in the summer air;
Say, what will all your charms avail,
If the dear maid whose blushes glow
Like living tulips be not there?

The nymph who tempts with honied lip,
With cheeks that shame the vernal rose,
In raptures we can ne'er behold;
Unless with kisses fond we sip
The luscious balm that lip bestows.....
Unless our arms that nymph infold.

Sweet is the rose empurpled bower,
And sweet the juice distilling bright
In rills of crimson from the vine:
But are they sweet, or have they power,
To bathe the senses in delight,
Where beauty's presence does not shine?

Nay, let the magic hand of art
The animated picture grace,
With all the hues it can devise;
Yet this no pleasure will impart,
Without the soul-enchanting face,
Tinctur'd with nature's purer dyes.

But what's thy life O Hafez, say?
A coin that will no value bear,
Although by thee 'tis prized in vain;
Not worthy to be thrown away
At the rich banquet of the fair,
Where boundless love and pleasure reign.

NOTT.

TO THE MOON.

Mounted in thy silver car;
Chaste eyed empress of the night;
Hark! a wanderer from afar
Hails thy mild auspicious light.

Light to *love's* own votaries dear,
Dear to *meditation's* sons;
Shades of error thou canst clear,
Better than a thousand suns.

By thy soft religious gleam,
Reason searches truths divine;
Wisdom owns the inspiring beam,
Virtue smiles to see the shine.

I too, child of sorrow! feel,
All the power to soften grief;
Which tho' tis not thine to heal,
Thine it is to afford relief.

By thy light alone I rove,
Fears indulge, and as they flow,
Learn a mystery to prove,
Learn the luxury of woe.

Fearful eyes to heaven I turn,
There with awe thy form I see,
While the stars that round thee burn,
Light me to the deity.

Ah! 'tis he who guides their spheres,
He too measures out my woe;
Hence then, cease my failing tears,
Or with resignation flow.

A.

TO CALUMNY.

Hie thee hence to endless night,
Cursed fiend begotten sprite!
In thy native shades of hell
With goblins damn'd and demons dwell.

Baneful powers of deadliest name,
At *thy* mention lose their fame;
Venom that from *thee* proceeds,
Their whole united force exceeds.

On thy pestilential breath
Float the keenest stings of death;
E'en innocence before thee flies,
Or, bleeding, at thy feet she lies.

Dost thou linger? oh depart!
Pierce no more the feeling heart,
Nor by thy hateful minions stain
The loveliest of the female train.

Haste thee hence! for truth appears,
Whom thy dastard spirit fears;
The mirror that her hand displays,
Clearly thy hedious form pourtrays.

May the power celestial bind
Thee, the foe of human kind;
Then Candour shall her throne regain,
And heal the mischiefs of thy reign.

T.

EPITAPHS ON A CHARACTER.

No tender wife your every grief to share,
No generous son to constitute your bier;
Relations, friends, deride your hoarded pelf,
All hate your misery, and you hate yourself.

Doom'd to forsake at last his only god,
A wretched thing reclines beneath this sod.
In joyless solitude his life he spent,
A prey to all the pangs of discontent;
No generous act relieved his restless soul,
Too proud to bear, too rich to fear controul;
Jealous of all whose real worth exprest
A galling contrast to his selfish breast;
Smooth as a courtier till he'd gain'd his end,
Then spit his *blackest* venom at a *friend*,
Duped from clients wrung his darling gold,
And those he could not *rob* himself—he *sold*.

On a famous Physician being called out of Church.

While holy prayers to heaven were made,
One groan was heard and answer'd too;
Save us from sudden death was said,
And straight from church Sir *Leech* withdrew.

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